

History of Thomas Edward Orgill  
(Father of Mark Orgill)

Thomas Edward Orgill came to America in the 148<sup>th</sup> Company, on the Steamship Colorado; which sailed from Liverpool, England, on Tuesday, July, 14, 1868, having on board a company of saints, Numbering 600 souls.

Before starting, a meeting was held on deck when Apostle Franklin D. Richards, President of the European Mission, addressed the Saints; exhorting them to cleanliness, order, and forbearance, and obedience to the proper authority, He explained that this was the last company of saints for the season, emigrating to Zion, and it swelled the number of emigrants for the year to about 3,170 souls.

Elder William B. Preston was appointed President of the Company and Elder Charles W. Penrose dedicated the ship. The following named returning missionaries took passage on the Colorado; Elder William B. Preston, Aube Miner, Griggeth Roberts, Moses Thacher, Richard Benson, Berry White, John D. Rees and John Baker. About 4 p.m. the noble vessel steamed out to sea, the sun shining brightly, the sky without a cloud and no sadness appearing on a single countenance except on those who returned to shore after bidding their friends farewell.

After a safe and pleasant voyage the ship arrived in New York July 26, 1868-- here the saints were detained only one hour, after which they went to the Hudson River Railroad station. Here they remained all night.

The following day July 29, 1868, about 5 o'clock p.m. the railway journey was commenced toward Albany, New York. From Albany the Company arrived safely at Benton, Nebraska August 7, 1868-- with mostly emigrating saints who crossed the Atlantic on the steamship Colorado, bound for Salt Lake, Arriving Sept. 2, 1868.

I FOLLOW A NOBLE FATHER  
(written by Mark Gordon)

I follow a noble Father, his honor is mine to wear, he gave me a name that was free from shame a name he was proud to bear.  
He lived in the morning sunlight and marched in the ranks of right,  
He always true the best he knew, and the shield that he wore was bright.  
I follow a noble Father and never a day goes by but I feel, that he looks down on me, to carry his standard high.  
He stood to the sternest trials, as any a brave man can, though the way be long,  
I must never wrong, the name of so good a man.  
I follow a noble Father, not known to the printed page, nor written down in the world's renown, as a prince of his little age.  
But never a stain attached to him, and never he stooped to shame,  
He was bold and brave, and to me he gave, the pride of an honest name,  
I follow a noble Father and him I must keep in mind, though his form is gone,  
I must carry on, the name that he left behind,  
It was mine on the day he gave it, it shone as a Monarch's crown,  
and as fair to see as it came to me, it must be, when I put it down.